

DAILY DEMOCRAT

WEDNESDAY, - DECEMBER 12.

The Knocker.

[illegible]

I reached my destination in less than an hour. Sitting down in the parlor of the hotel, I wrote a few lines to Barry, imploring him to turn up immediately. This I dispatched at the post-office. What I wrote was earnest, as God knows; and yet, while I was writing,

I read this item without emotion of any kind. I read it slowly, carefully, and gravely. I

[illegible]

very pale and wan, giving a strange brilliant gleam to the sad smile with which she welcomed my appearance. The hair, arranged in long, dark curls by her maid, made its pallor more apparent. I thought that the face wore a singular—*an*—inimitable look. Its supernatural beauty seemed to be the result of a face within a face, the features were those of a woman of the world, worn, and seeming to look through the face at its countenance. At times—particularly when her eyes were downcast—this appearance of a face within a face was more strongly visible; the face wore a secret and meaningless expression, as if the lineaments of another blended with, and partially confused with, its own. In a word, it impressed me as if the countenance was introverted; or as having somewhat the appearance of the back of a transparent mask.

her recently, appeal Semi-naturalist. I have
her quality. With the same placid happy
thoughts that I wish a boat to work in
a agony, changing her beauty to pros-
perity.

Sitting near her, I tried to converse; but
voices soon ceased to murmur. I began to
uneasy awe. These sounds had not been
the morning; I now feared them; yet I found
self in a few minutes wishing they might
cease. Their cessation gave me uneasiness; and
unnatural—it seemed to me that it must
have evil. I began to feel a morbid pro-
pensity to think of the things that I had
thing, sentient, and imagine it watching
thought must be getting over-acted. I
come my fancies, I covered my eyes with m
and endeavored to abstract my mind from

which seemed to be gathering like a crowd of
tres, to surround me before the uprising
infernal terror.

In this effort I succeeded so far as to
impression of sentence in the inanimates
around me. Then I thought that I would
upon a cat, a very calm, mental review
of circumstances which had been
upon my negligence. I would look at
by one. I could not refrain from smiling,
conscious of a singular expansion in my
was disposed to imagine very strange things
could think very calmly, clearly; the human
was such a marvellous mechanism! I
recall the incidents, one by one: the first
on my mind, months before, when I remem-
ber the ancestral sin that brought orphan

lively traits, "And dead" to the house of the look in the eyes of the child; my reason is, that the child is not dead, but that the warning of the accursed seed of unrepentant black night; the whirl of emotions that give entrance to the haunted house; the illness of the child; the revelation of the warning sound of the father's absence; the silent agony of the child; the dreadful repetition of the noises—an in perhaps an ancestral, hand forever chattering the door; the spectres of the mind; my fear, doubt, and horror, while his cold corpse lies rigid, in a distant city, and all round the final black night of the doom."

And the scene is a scene in the brain. We silence—an awful silence. No sound but stormy wailing of the desolate winds, about the mansion. No sound but the noise

"In the thick of death—death, death! No whirling in my head—faster—faster! No am the roof of chimeras—I am yielding to my terrors—I must be calm. Death, death, death!"

"Helen, your clock is a good time-keeper, remarkably good."

She looked at me in surprise. I did not know, but I knew she was looking at me as I spoke. I drew out my watch, and compared the clock.

"How very pale you are," she said.

I rose to my feet.

"But your clock—your clock *does* keep time!"

"Yes; it belonged to my father—why, the matter?"

She sprang up and caught my arm. I won-

"You are ill? what is the matter?"
"Nothing, Helen," I said faintly, "nothing."
I am fatigued - I feel a momentary weakness which better overcame me. Dr. Askehead was very sorry - much better."
There was a pause in the room.
"Yes, yes, I was ill!" I reassured her.
"You know, Helen, I did not sleep last night because of the warmth of the room."

"Oh a passing faintness," she said; "I forgot to had no sleep; you must be wearied. Come must go up stairs and rest."

"No, no, Helen; I will not go up stairs quite well. Come," and I tried to laugh must not imagine me so delicate as to be ex by the faintness."

"But you are pale," she answered; "I unwell. At least, if you will not go up st into the other room and lie down on the s not hesitate to leave me here. I will call anything occurs."

I yielded. I was in truly very weary, b not intend to sleep. I was only wanted to a few minutes, that I might give vent to a ings which were becoming insupportable,

call my wife. I saw the storm, which was well-timed, turned down the lamp until it only gave a dim light, and throwing myself upon the couch, I covered my face with my hands and wept as a child. Then I grew calmer. I sat in silence for long time, and at last with the storm of my life which had passed within me. The tempest of my heart's height withstood. I drew aside the curtain of the western window, and pressing my face to the cold panes, looked out. There were no clouds before me; my eyes rested only on a vast expanse of murky masses, stretching away to the horizon in a line of darkened mountains, and a drifting rack of stormy clouds, with a dim phosphorescent light, revealing their gray edges. The pain had ceased; only the wild, despairing

silence became more and more oppressive. I did not dare to move. Fearfully, at last I rose, and saw that the eyelids were closed. I laid my trembling hand upon her forehead, and darkness rushed with a roar upon my brain. I sank slowly down. Every sensation with me came for a time mercifully lost. The

W A dead.

Banking and Exchange
J. M. PINCKNEY & CO.
529 Main st., one door above Third, Low
BUY AND SELL EXCHANGE
all points of the United States and Can-
buy and sell American and Foreign gold
buy and sell American, Western, southern
Bank Notes.
Collections made on all points in the U-
and Canada. and remittances made on de-
ment.

UNDOUBTED SECURITY.
\$10,000 ten years ten per cent. Bonds.
\$10,000 twenty years six per cent. Bonds.
For sale by (1094) **AUTOMOBILE**

